

UNSPORTING OF THEM

Pat hated London. The traffic in the great metropolis bewildered him, and, as he stood in a crowded thoroughfare one day perilously wedged between a stream of motor-vehicles traveling in one direction and a line of cars traveling in the other, he would have given anything to be safely back in Ireland.

Thanks more to luck than judgment, he just managed to dodge a large touring motor-car, and was about to offer up a grateful little prayer, when suddenly he found himself sprawling on the ground.

The car, in fact, when swerving to avoid the defenceless obstruction in the roadway, had skidded, and the back part of it, swinging round, had knocked down the hapless son of Erin.

Presently, aided by a policeman, he sat up, and, rubbing his sore head, addressed the assembled company of spectators.

"Now, phwat de ye think of that?" he asked. "Whin ye stand in front of thim, they run over ye; and whin ye step aside to let thim pass, they turn round and kick ye!"

The Way It's Done.

"Now, waiter," said the new customer in a certain restaurant of the less fashionable type, "I want an oyster stew and I want you to give the cook particular directions. The milk must be carefully heated first—just short of boiling. Then oysters must be added without the juice. That must not be put in until the seasoning is added. As for the oysters, I want Mill Ponds. Use the best milk and gilt-edged creamery butter. Now, do you think you understand?" "Yis-sir," said the waiter. And he went to the kitchen wicket and yelled: "Put on one!"

Visitor—You have a fine road leading from the station. Suburbs—That's the path worn by servant girls.

I FEEL ASHAMED. I HAF DIT ADOLF A INJUSTICE. ALL MY LIFE I THOUGHT HE HAT ONLY DER INSTINCTS OF A WOLF. BUT I WASS WRONG. UNDER DOT FAT

EXTERIOR BEATS A HEART AS CHEMILE AS A ANGLEWORM. IT PROOFS IT VEN HE CAN WIN DER AFFECTION UND CONFIDENCE OF DESE CHEMILE DOVES UND PIDRONS.



TRACING TRADITIONS

Gladys had been naughty, so naughty, in fact, that her mother was forced to have recourse to the time-honored and only really effective remedy in such cases.

This operation being successfully but painfully completed, the little girl sank into her mother's lap disconsolately.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "did granma spank you when you was small?"

"Yes, dear; when I was naughty."

"Oh!"

A minute's pause, then:

"And did her mother," continued Gladys, "spank her?"

"Yes, dear."

"And was she spanked, too, when she was naughty?"

"Yes."

Gladys gave a sigh of despair.

"Then who did start the silly custom?" she asked.